ALPHONSE AND GASTON.

They Consult a Fortune Teller.





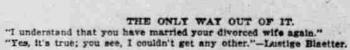














A LONGFELT WISH RECEIVED. Manager: "The house is sold out, and if you play your part well, I will loan you that dollar you wanted last month."-Der Dorfbarbier.



HER DEAREST FRIEND Miss Rosebud: "I'm afraid I've caught cold. I habe such a terrible headache."
Miss Lotus: "Yes, dear, a cold always files to the weakest spot, doesn't it?"

Up Agninst It. Tired Tatters: "Here's a piece in dis paper wot's a insult to de profesh." Weary Walker: "Wot's it say." Tired Tatters: "It see dat a feller ortn't

ter eat nuttin' when he's tired."
Weary Walker: "Well, wot's de matter wid dat item?"
Tired Tatters: "Wot's de matter wid it!
Say, do youse want er feller ter starve ter death?"—Exchange.

Why He Rejoiced.

"I understand you are soon to receive a legacy of \$10,000," remarked the victim in the chair.

"Yes," replied the barber, "and I'm giad of it, if only for one thing."

"What's that?" queried the victim.

"When I get it I can retire from business and cat onions for breakfast whenever I feel like it," rejoined the knight of the razor.—Exchange.

The Feminine View.

Wederly: "Remarkable thing about the disappearance of \$27,000 from a safety-deposit vault belonging to a bookmaker."

Mrs. Wederly: "Yes, and the most remarkable thing about it is that he had it to lose"

Wederly: "Why so?"

Mrs. Wederly: "Oh, most writers complain that literature doesn't pay."—Exchange.

Wanted a Transfer.

The man from Wayback was riding down-town on a new car. He had had the necessary financial hemorrhage, was poorer by a nickle and felt bad over it. After a while he saw the conductor passing around little slips of fimsy paper with three-cornered apertures in them.

But none came to the man from Wayback. And he was immediately jealous.

"I hain't got mine yit," he said, trembling with indignation.

"Your what," asked the conductor, with interest.

"My slip o' paper, whatever ye was givin them others," was the reply.
"Oh! Those were transfers," explained the conductor. Wanted a Transfer.

"Well, didn't I pay fist as much fare as "Sure."

"Sure."

"An' don't that intitle me to all th' advantages that th' others gits?"

"Bure. Where d'ye want a transfer to?

Quit your chewin."

"I don't keer, where. I hain't goin' no place in particlar. But I'll be eternally hornswoggled if I'm goin' t' pay out my good money for ridin' on these hyer cars an' not git as much for it as anybody elise does. My money's as good as theirn. Let me off. I'm goin't see a ossifer?"

They gave no transfers to the place to which the conductor mentally consigned the man from Wayback. If they did, the paper would have to possess the qualities of asbestos.—Angeles Herald.

Happens That Way Occasionally.

Mrs. Upjohn: "Haven't you taken that summer trip yet that you've been talking about so long?"

Mrs. Highmore: "No: we have concluded not to go this year. The fact is, it costs so much to get ready for it that we had to give it up. But you just ought to see the dresses I got for the trip."—mechange.

March of Refinement.

"Now that I think of it," remarked the passenger with the skull cap, "there used to be a little place on this line they called "Kiss Station," but it must be something else now. I haven't heard the conductor call it out."

"We're pretty close to it, I think," re

plied the passenger with the goates. "But it isn't Kiss Station any more. They've changed the name, but retained the idea.

At It Again. Mrs. Homer: "What do you think of my new gown?" Mrs. Nextdoor: "Oh, it's perfectly lovely.

Strangers Now. "Tou ought to see the lovely letters my husband writes," said the bride of a month to one of her girl friends.

"Oh, I've seen a few," rejoined the dear girl friend. "In fact, I've got nearly a trunkful of them in the attic."—Exchange.



CANNABALISTIC COMPLIMENTS. Chief: "Miss, even after you're roasted, you will look just as nice as now!"-Meggendorfer Blact-



INJURED PRIDE,
Mr. Beerman: "How those people go crazy when a bicycle rider breaks a record. But when I break a beer-drinking record, they don't notice it at all.'-Der Dorfbarbier.